THE MOSAIC

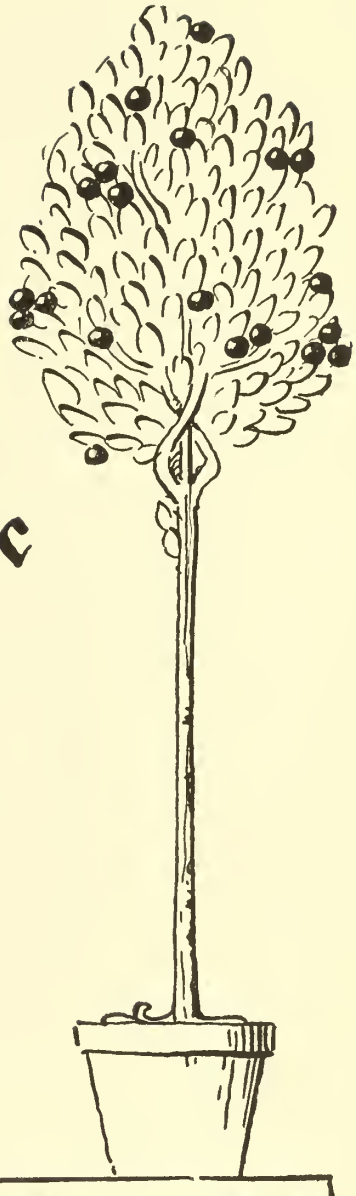
1906

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/mosaic1906sale

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SALEM, MASS.

The Mosaic



1906

Published by the Senior Class
Salem Normal School

Class Officers.

President, Marion Young.
Vice-President, Helen L. Barrett.
Secretary, Nellie L. Quennell.
Treasurer, Mabel F. Sawyer.

Editorial Staff.

Editor-in-Chief, Christine A. Ross.
Associate Editor, Nona E. Blackwell.

Literary Department.

Alta T. Silsby.
Associate, Myrtle Allen.

Art Department.

Carolyn E. MacDonald.
Associate, Annie M. Dickey.

Humorous Department.

Louise E. Urquhart.
Associate, Nellie L. Quennell.

Business Department.

Manager, Susan M. Paine.

Associates.

Clara Witham,
Helen L. Barrett,
Lena M. Kelly,
Olive M. Adams.
Margaret L. Kerrigan.
Grace E. Hood,
Minnie H. Brown.

Editorials.

"Larger Life and Better Service." Our class motto holds forth an excellent aim.

> "His ready smile, a parent's warmth expressed;
> Their welfare pleased him and their cares distress'd:
> To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given."

Yes, and *are* given, for we can but feel that Dr. Beckwith still is with us in spirit and in love.

We have been pleased to note the friendly relations and familiarity existing between the Senior and Junior Classes. We challenge the present Junior class to extend this sociability to the coming '08.

It is our wish to express our sincere appreciation of the value of the instruction, based on practical experience and scholarly research, which we received from Dr. John T. Prince, who, for a short time, filled the position of instructor of pedagogy.

The class of '06 takes up the challenge of the class of '05 to produce a book equal to the one published by them. We think we may equal, but we do not aspire to excel them.

The kindness extended to us by others, than members of the school is worthy of special mention. We are very grateful to Miss Gray, the president of the class of '05, who has so kindly written for us an article in appreciation of him who was her beloved principal as well as ours. Our gratitude should also extend to the editor of the "Granite Monthly," to whom we are indebted for the use of the article on the life of Dr. Beckwith.

We wish to extend our thanks to members of the faculty, for their helpful cooperation with us in the preparation of our Class Book.

Our hearty congratulations to the Juniors on the success of their reception to the Seniors. We feel honored at the deference paid us, and thank the class of '07 for a very pleasant occasion.

Class Song.

Classmates, we've been long together,
Striving each success to win ;
Duty's chains have bound us closer ;
Loyal-hearted we have been.
Looking forward to the future
Eagerly our goal to gain,
LARGER LIFE AND BETTER SERVICE
Let us struggle to attain.

Two bright years have passed and left us
Each a different path to plod,
Ever hoping, ever trusting
With a firmer faith in God.
May our lives be what we'd have them,
And our efforts not in vain;
LARGER LIFE AND BETTER SERVICE
Let us struggle to attain.

M. F. L. '06.

DR WALTER P. BECKWITH

A Tribute.

As the last two classes who knew Dr. Beckwith as teacher and friend, we bring our tribute of admiration, trust and affection.

We admired him. He had such a splendid strength of character, and at the same time such a deep appreciation of the *beauty* of holiness. He knew so much. He had a never-failing fund of learning and experience and common-sense, and he knew how to apply it to the daily problems that came to us and to him. If he had known nothing else, he had such a knowledge of human nature, and of girl nature in particular, as must have won our admiration. He had a splendid toleration for our giggles, and our more serious failings as well, and an optimistic faith in our possibilities which was in itself a spur to effort.

We not only admired, but we trusted him. We confided in his judgment. If we felt that we were acting as he approved, we went ahead confidently; and on the other hand, we hesitated long to act against his judgment. Rarely did the result fail to justify our confidence. More completely, if possible, than we relied upon his judgment, did we trust in his goodness of heart. We felt that he had a personal interest in every member of the school, and we knew that he would do anything in his power to give a helping hand to any one of us. Moreover, his word was his bond. He never made idle promises. We knew that when his word was passed we could depend on it.

Last but not least we loved him. We loved him for all those traits and qualities which made us trust and admire him, and for many more. We loved him for the twinkle in his eyes and for that familiar chuckle; for his wise good-natured firmness; for his unfailing readiness to give up his precious time to listen to our wants or plans; for that side of his nature which we came to know through his daily selections from the Bible; for his power of strong, deep friendship for other men, revealed to us especially at the time of President Capen's death. To sum it all up, we loved him because he was Dr. Beckwith.

We miss him. We long to see him face to face and grasp his hand, to tell him of our joys and trials and see his eyes twinkle with appreciation of every bit of humor, while he gives us counsel and encouragement. Yet it is far better to miss him than never to have known him. We know that we shall find life richer and shall be more useful because we have known such a man.

This is our tribute of words. There is another and better tribute which we hope to bring to the character of Dr. Beckwith—the tribute of our lives. Wherever we may find our work, whether in the school-room, which he loved so well, or in some other corner of the work-shop of the world, may our lives bear witness to this brave, cheerful manhood. May we pass along to many others a little of the courage and helpfulness which he gave to us,—nay, is still giving to us. For he still lives. It is impossible for us to feel otherwise than that he is very near, interested still in the progress of the work to which he gave his life and in the many young men and women who have been under his care. Some day we shall see him again; for

"Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own."

Dr. Walter P. Beckwith.

Dr. Walter P. Beckwith, was born in Lempster, August 27, 1850.

His parents had been school teachers and, without doubt, supplemented the meagre education of the district school, which the boy, Walter, attended during the usual ten weeks in summer and the same in winter. With these opportunities, and one or two terms at a private school in the same town, he had so mastered the rudiments of an education that at the age of sixteen he taught his first term of school in an adjoining town and with marked success.

At the age of eighteen he went to Claremont, where he attended the high school for a short time. In the fall of 1869 he entered Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, from which he graduated at the head of his class in the college course in 1871. The same year he was admitted to Tufts College, from which he graduated with the highest honors of the class in 1876, having been obliged to remain absent one year in order to earn money enough by teaching to enable him to complete his college course.

The following account of his college life, written by his college chum and life-long friend, should be an inspiration to any student.

I gladly comply with the request to contribute something concerning the college life of my dear friend, Walter P. Beckwith. My acquaintance with him began in the fall of 1871, for though he did not graduate until '76 we both entered Tufts with the class of '75, and he remained with our class one year. He was acknowledged by us as a leader from the beginning. He was above the average age of his mates, and his previous experience had given him a maturity of judgment and a readiness of speech which were speedily recognized by all members of the class. He came to college with an excellent preparation and carried easily the work of freshman year. Upon his return to the Hill, after an absence of several months spent in teaching, he joined the class of '76, and was graduated with honor as the class leader.

I very early grew to admire Beckwith's habits of work. He was my ideal of a student—self-reliant, industrious, thorough. Possessing these qualities, his work in college merited and received the quick approval of the professors. But though he was justly proud of his standing in the college, his success as a student did not unduly exalt him. He never made a fellow-student uncomfortable by any assumption of superiority, and he was always ready with suggestions and assistance for those of us who sought his aid. He greatly appreciated the commendation of instructors, and I recall very distinctly with what satisfaction he exhibited to me on one occasion a theme which had been returned to him by the beloved professor in English with the comment written in the corner, " This leaves nothing to be desired."

But Walter Beckwith was more than a mere student of books. He was a student of men and of affairs. No one in college was more familiar with or better informed concerning the politics of the day. It was his habit to go to the reading-room in old Middle Hall every morning before breakfast to read the newspapers and magazines and he was always ready and able to discuss current events intelligently and entertainingly. He was an excellent debater and he was a leader in the Mathetican Society and in the councils of Zeta Psi.

His tastes and habits of mind led us all to suppose that he would become a lawyer. Indeed, that profession did attract him during his college course and for several years after he graduated. But his success as a teacher and his love of his work in educational fields kept him from the law.

He always took a lively interest in the college publications and spent much time and thought upon them. He wrote for them, edited them and took an active and influential part in their financial management.

He was always conscientious in his work, and never resorted to shifty devices in daily recitations or in periodical examinations. This fact was known by all his associates and was the secret, in part, at least, of his influence and power among the fellows. He enjoyed the cordial respect of the entire college and I cannot recall that I ever heard anyone speak ill of him.

During the years that have intervened between '75 and the present, his interest in the college has been keen, and he has had the satisfaction of repaying in a measure the debt of gratitude which he never hesitated to acknowledge he owed Tufts College. His work upon the Board of Overseers has been intelligently and faithfully done and while he has at times criticised men and methods, his criticisms have been kindly, and he has striven earnestly to conserve what to him seemed the highest and best welfare of the institution.

William W. McClench, '75.
Springfield, Mass.

After leaving college, Mr. Beckwith accepted the principalship of the high school at Chicopee, Mass., where he remained until January, 1878. At that time he received the appointment of superintendent of the public schools in Adams, Mass., which position he filled until June 13, 1896, when he was elected principal of the State Normal School in Salem, Mass., succeeding Prof. Daniel B. Hagar.

While a resident at Adams, he was identified with the affairs of the town, having served as moderator at the annual town meetings for many years, being the choice of all parties interested. He also served as chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library for eighteen years and did much to improve it. He was affiliated with Berkshire Lodge of Free Masons, Greylock Lodge, A. O. U. W., both of Adams, and of Tufts College Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa. He was a fluent public speaker and during the past twenty-five years had addressed many public meetings on educational and other subjects.

Dr. Beckwith was considered by leading educators as one of the strongest and ablest men in Massachusetts and his name had been among those considered in connection with the vacant presidency of Tufts College. When Doctor Balliet retired from the office of superintendent of schools in Springfield, Mass., Dr. Beckwith was one of three men seriously considered by the committee for the succession. He, however, would not consider the candidacy.

In 1883, Tufts College conferred upon him the degree of A. M. for post-graduate work in Latin and English literature, and about ten years later the degree of Ph. D. He was a frequent contributor to educational and other papers on matters pertaining to education.

He was a member of the Essex County Teachers' Association, the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, the New England Association of School Superintendents and the Massachusetts Superintendents' Association, in all of which he had performed official duties.

While principal of the Salem Normal School, Dr. Beckwith gave his time and energy to the administration of the affairs of the school and the broadening of its influence. His success in raising the general standard of normal school work cannot be overestimated. Both by training and personal qualifications he was preeminently fitted for the position of a "Teacher of Teachers." His personal influence over the students was very great and they found in him both a sympathetic friend and faithful guide.

No higher tribute to the character and efficiency of his work can be offered than that paid by the many successful graduates of the school who continually turned to their *alma mater* and to Doctor Beckwith, personally, for inspiration and up-to-date information concerning improved methods and advanced ideas.

He was especially successful in keeping the interest of the alumni of the school alive and through his efforts the semi-centennial celebration of 1904 was most satisfactory and complete. He compiled a catalogue of all persons connected with the school since its founding in 1854, a work requiring long and persistent effort.

A memorial service was held in the hall of the Normal School building in Salem, Saturday, December 9, 1905. Mr. Martin, secretary of the State Board of Education presided and William W. McClench, Esq., of Springfield, Mass, delivered the memorial address.

A committee has been appointed to procure contributions for the establishment of a

"Beckwith Memorial Fund," as a slight token of the esteem in which Dr. Beckwith is held. The money is to be used in rendering financial assistance to promising and needy students.

Contributions may be sent to the secretary of the committee, Miss Fannie B. Deane, State Normal School, Salem, Mass.

Mr. Beckwith was married December 29, 1879, to Miss Mary L. Sayles, a successful teacher at Adams, Mass., who, with one daughter, Miss Frances S. Beckwith, a recent graduate of Vassar College, survives him.

Dr. Beckwith was a man of great vigor of mind and body and morally he was of the sternest integrity. In whatever he undertook he displayed these characteristic qualities of mind and heart, and he excited in all who came in contact with him the same sterling qualities.

Personally, Dr. Beckwith was the type of a rugged, hearty, jovial man. He was a delightful companion, steadfast in his friendships, and so keen a judge of human nature that a few hours of acquaintance with anyone was sufficient to enable him to analyze with great accuracy both his character and ability.

He hated hypocrisy and double dealing in any form and loved to call things by their right names. He was too honest and straightforward to become a successful diplomat and his want of tact may have lost him a friend at times, but never one worthy of the name.

His power of depicting character in a few brief sentences was something unusual and he would sum up all the good and bad traits among his friends and acquaintances in almost a single sentence and leave but little unsaid.

He dearly loved a joke, and bright, indeed, was he who could get the best of him in a duel of words. He was quick at repartee and his hearty laugh gave life and cheer to any circle of which he was a member. He was a member of the Universalist Church and for many years one of its trusted officers.

He loved books and surrounded himself by the works of the best authors. He was not a financier after the frenzied pattern of today and cared nothing for money except for what it would bring to him, and was perfectly content with his modest salary, provided it would meet his necessary expenses and purchase the beloved books he cared for.

Dr. Beckwith died at his home in Salem, Mass., October 13, 1905.

In his death Massachusetts loses one of her strongest men and ablest educators; the many teachers, a wise counselor and guide; his family, a devoted husband and loving father, and his many friends, one whose place can never be filled, although his example will never die.

The funeral of Doctor Beckwith was held at Salem.

Doctor Beckwith delivered the address at the memorial service in honor of President Capen of Tufts College, closing with these words—a tribute his many friends would render to Doctor Beckwith himself:

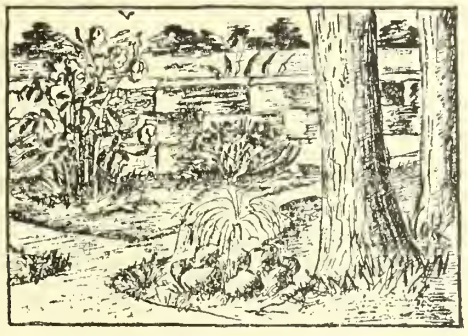
"So, when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he left behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

The Discontented Dandelion.

THERE was no reason why the dandelion should have been discontented, for her house was a beautiful garden, where stately roses and brilliant peonies nodded and blushed in the warm sunlight.

Carefully kept paths wound in and out, and in the center stood a merry little fountain throwing drops of shining water upon the quiet grass and the happy flowers.

But neither the soft, green grass nor the beauteous roses, nor even the sparkling fountain could bring joy to the heart of the little Dandelion.



A robin had a nest in the tall elm tree near the fountain, but every morning when he had sung his song, he went away over the garden wall into the great Land beyond. There were bees in the garden, who could roam from flower to flower at will, and they, too, could cross the garden wall. But little Dandelion could do nothing but stay in her corner of the garden and sleep and wake, and dream and wonder what was happening in that mysterious Land beyond the Garden Wall.

Perhaps she had brothers and sisters in that country. Once she asked the Poppy who lived beside her whether there had ever been other Dandelions in the garden but the Poppy said that there had been none there since she could remember. She did not tell her that the Gardener pulled up the other Dandelions and left her only because she was hidden in the corner of the wall where he could not see her.

One day when she had lived in the Garden for a long time, she saw a handsome visitor coming into the neighborhood. This was none other than the gay Mr. Butterfly, coming to pay his respects to the flowers.

" He is very well worth knowing, my dear," said the Poppy, " for he has traveled far beyond the Garden Wall and seen many things about which even the tall Sunflower knows nothing."

Very bright and charming the Dandelion found him as he poised jauntily on a blade of grass and told of his adventures in the Land beyond the Garden Wall.

How many things there were to be seen, if one could only travel about and find them! Tall plants with things growing upon them, which creatures like the Gardener plucked and ate ; great pools of water, much larger than the fountain's basin, large enough, in fact, to hold the whole Garden, even the wall—if only one were not obliged to stay in the corner, always. The Dandelion sighed so profoundly that even gay Mr. Butterfly was touched.

"Surely you do not wish to leave this quiet spot!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "if I could fly, as you do, and the birds do, and the bees. You do not know what it is to stay always in one corner." He reflected. "There was a time when I could not fly," he said. "Then I went to sleep and when I awoke I had wings. Perhaps some morning you will awake and have wings." But she only sighed again.

"I am different," she said slowly, "I couldn't have wings."

He thought for a long time. "Over the Garden Wall I have seen flowers like you." She felt her heart thumping hard and she listened eagerly, as he went on. "They are like you, yes, and sometimes I have seen them with wings. Be patient and sometime you can cross the garden wall, I am sure of it."

However, though the mere thought of it made her tremble with anticipation, the little Dandelion was far from sure of it, and as time went on, she told the Poppy that it must have been a mistake. The Butterfly did not come again. They decided that he must have died, and the little Dandelion, remembering the stories of the great creatures in the Land beyond the Garden Wall, felt that, after all, the Garden was very beautiful, and the flowers near her, very lovely, and that it was quite worth while to live in her snug little corner and drink the golden sunbeams and the sweet dew, and make nectar for the bees. And so she did.

But one bright morning she awoke and found it all different. Were these her babies, these dainty winged folk, or were they fairy children who had strayed by mistake into the stately Garden?

Even as the little Dandelion watched them, bobbing and fluttering, they went up, up, past the Poppy and past the Sunflower, and over the Garden Wall.

The little Dandelion reflected. "It must have been upon wings like theirs that I came here. Then when I had found a home, I no longer had wings, for I did not need them. So it will be with my little ones in the great Land beyond the Wall."

So she lived happy and contented in her sunny corner, where the Poppy and the Sunflower and the radiant Peony nodded and smiled, and where the bees, and the birds and the joyous fountain sang the livelong day.

M. A. '06.

The Teacher's Lament.

Listen to this admonition,
To this song of lamentation,
From the Teachers, they the Mighty,
To their pupils, to the Seniors!
O our Seniors! our poor Seniors!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of these your Teachers,
From your Masters, those above you!
We have given you halls to sit in,
We have given you books to read in,
We have given you talks to think on,
We have given you themes to write on
Through the pleasant hours of morning,
Through the resting-time of noonday,
Through the darkening hours of evening,
Through the long and silent midnight.
We have filled the rooms with plant-life,—
Filled the jars with pleurococci,
Strewn the tables full of mushrooms;
Boxes filled with jumping locusts,
Filled the school with caterpillars,
Crawling, wriggling on the tables;
Pinned the boards with fainting earthworms,
Filled the pans with clam and starfish.
All the wildflowers of the woodland,
All the lilies of the meadow,
All the cone-trees of the forest,
All the mosses of the hillside;
All the insects of the garden,
All the birds of field and covert,
All the fishes of the sea-shore,
Have we gathered for your pleasure.
All the shelves are full of text-books;
All the books are full of knowledge;
All the boards are full of lessons,
All the Teachers, expectation.
We are weary of your nonsense,
Weary of your foolish talking,
Weary of your slang and errors,
Weary of your stupid lessons.
Leave your afternoon receptions;
Leave your nightly balls and dances;

Leave your childish thoughts and actions,
Your undignified demeanor!
Turn your minds upon your lessons,
Mend your shattered mental "sieve-plates,"
Sweep the cobwebs from the crannies,
Lay in well your store of wisdom;
So that, when in years forthcoming,
Countless little mischief-makers
Range in wiggling rows before you,
Countless eyes shall gaze awe-stricken,
Countless mouths shall gape with wonder
At the greatness of your wisdom,
At the wisdom you have gathered
From the Masters, from the Teachers,
In the Land of Preparation,
In the Kingdom of the Mighty,
In the Cradle of Great Learning!

J. J. '06.

Sample Questions for Final Examination from Normal School.

Pedagogy.

What is the pedagogical basis of the thrill that comes from the sense of achievement?

Give a brief sketch of the life of Adam and his contributions to pedagogy.

Language.

Write a description of the personal appearance and character of the "gentleman" in the Senior Biology room. Consider him from the standpoint of Unity and Coherence.

Enumerate all the grammatical errors you ever made and combine into one sentence.

Geography.

Is it the trait of the feminine mind to exaggerate?

Describe the roof of the house on Ives' Hill.

How many bricks are there in the sidewalk at the corner of Lafayette St., and Ocean Ave., measuring back five feet on Ocean Ave.?

Biology.

Why does the earthworm crawl antero-posteriorly?

What is the effect of a smile upon another's rate of heart-beat?

Trace your descent from a sea-cucumber.

Ye Witch Discloses Ye Future.

1. Editor of the "Boston American."
2. Dancing teacher.
3. Seamstress.
4. Dean at Radcliffe.
5. Author of "Power + Virtue of Silence."
6. Precisely the same.
7. As ever – a cold retiring prim.
8. Director of the Low orchestra.
9. Florist – rare pinks.
10. Variety comedians – specialty. * Hiram + Cyrus
11. Authoress.
12. Prominent in anthracite regions.
13. President of the S.P.C.A.
14. Editor of the "War Cry."
15. alias – Mrs. Dr. Yan Chung.
16. Still advocating – "Never do to-day what you can do tomorrow."
17. Wrong name.
18. Demonstrator of "Force."
19. Leading lady with Roger Bros. Stock Co.
20. Teacher of modern languages in Caraway.
21. Reporter on "Review of Reviews."
22. Literary expert on Browning and Rousseau.
23. Bill-posters + Sign artists
24. Agent for the State Board of Education.
25. Principal of Keefe's Kindergarten.
26. Advisory counsellor – definite advice given.
27. Little fiddler in Low's orchestra.
28. New York society belle.
29. Still finishing the Symphony
30. Touring the world for geological truth.
31. Prominent in anthracite regions.
32. Lecturer of rare ability.
33. Specials in Specialties
34. Writing for "Pender's Arithmetic"
35. Poet.
36. Public speaker on "Cold Preventatives.
37. A dry humorist for little people.
38. Greenhouse keeper.
39. Maid in the Greenhouse.
40. Baker.
41. Overseer of the "Moulton Establishment.
42. Demonstrator of Obese cure.
43. Successor to Hoyler.
44. Manager of the Normal Cooperative Society.
45. Missionary in South Africa.
46. President of Harvard College.
47. Famous "grammarist + arithmetist."
48. Mascot of Coeducation League.
49. Invalid – flutterings of heart
50. Residing in Lowell.
51. Famous for "Essay on Sobriety."
52. Instructor at M.I.T.
53. Head of a sanitarium.
54. Composer of "Sammy."
55. Lecturer on "How I Bluffed My Way Through School."
56. Lost her identification.
57. Reviewer of books – specializing in language.
58. "Only a school teacher."
59. Successor to Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, suffragist.
60. Gymnastic teacher
61. Chorus girl with Mme. Bernhardt.
62. Agency for lost articles
63. Collector of Postal Cards
64. Supervisor of Printer's office
65. Modiste's model
66. Debater on "Advantages of Co-education.
67. A nun.
68. Disciplinarian.
69. Removed to the heart of Maine.
70. Successors to Gold-dust Twins.
71. No 1 school ma'ams.
72. Identified with S.N.S. practice school.
73. Sleight of hand performer.
74. The adventurer
75. Missionary to Maine
76. Practicing massage treatment at Harvard
77. All round musician.
78. Author of 20th Century Jacobian Encyclopedia.
79. Matron – Bluff Home for Children.

Arithmetic.

Count by twos. Arrange the numbers so as to form some happy figure such as a square. Avoid monotony.

How many yards Clark's machine thread No. 80 must be wound about the State House Dome to find whether the convex area is twice the area of the base? Find the cost at $.05 per spool.

The Forest Maiden.

Long years ago, near the central part of England lived a small maiden, Sylvia, the only child of Alwyn, leader of the king's archers. All her short life she had been very happy in her wilderness castle, wandering through the shadowy galleries, climbing the winding stairs to the pigeon-besieged turrets, looking from the small paned windows, or roaming about in the dense forest which stretched down to the very gates. To be sure she seldom saw any one except her old nurse, but what of that? Had she not the birds and hounds for companions? And whenever she coaxed, could not old Bertha tell the most wonderful tales of elves and the dryads who had lived in the very trees Sylvia saw every day, until man had come, and, robbing them of their heritage, driven them into far off glens?

But little by little a change came over the child. In the stories there were always several children, and they had such merry plays! How would it seem to play with another child? Sylvia could hardly imagine, but as Bertha told again and again, her quaint old tales, a strange longing crept into the little one's heart. Even her pet hound was neglected while the child ran away up the steep hill to the little seat that her father, on one of his rare visits, had fashioned in the giant oak crowning the summit. Here she sat by the hour, chin in her hands, looking longingly down the dim forest aisles.

"How I wish I had someone to play with me!" she sighed. "If only all the little Dryads had not been frightened away I might find one of them. Or anyway, if I could never see them, perhaps one might tell me where I could find a little girl. I wonder if I could find one if I walked and walked to the very edge of the forest. Perhaps—"

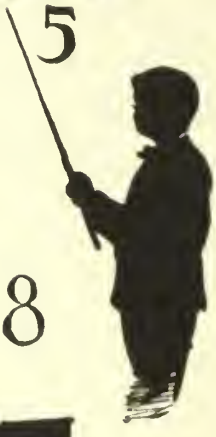
"There is no need of taking that long journey," came a whisper so soft the child could not tell whence it came. "All the Dryads could not escape, and I was left imprisoned. I've watched you long, and now I have met you, I will show you a child in the spirit of my old-time companions. Run out into yonder glade and look all about you."

Sylvia eagerly clambered down from her shaded nook and running out into the open, looked up and down, but saw no one.

Suddenly she clapped her hands, "I've found her," she cried. "I've found her! Why didn't I think of you before, my little Shadow-sister?"

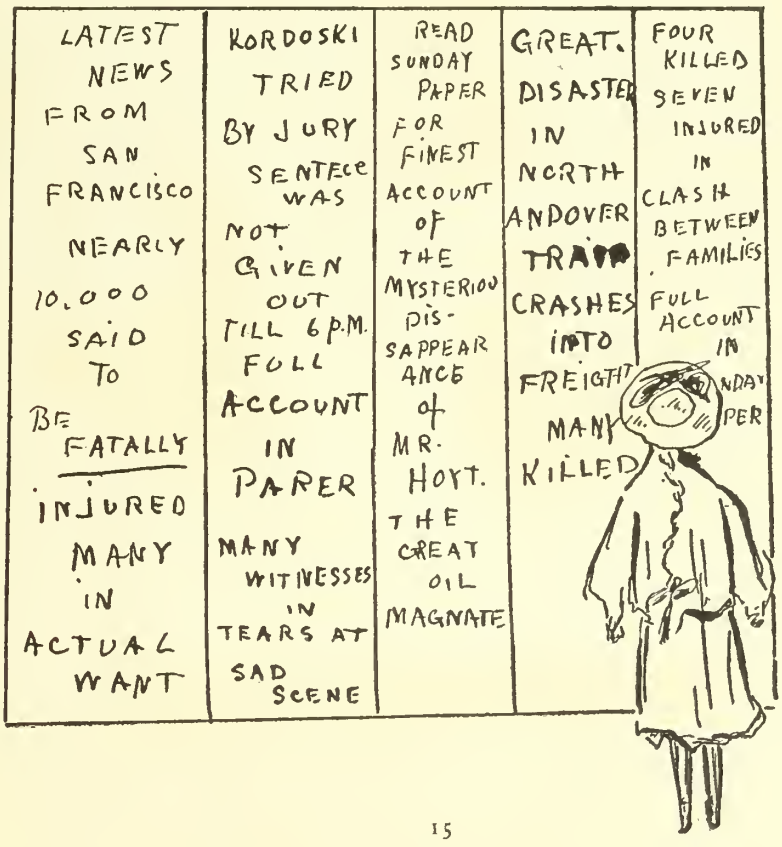
H. F. P.

REMINDERS



A Negative Rose.

Whoever named her "Rose" either had no sense of the fitness of things, or else did not realize how marvelously she would outgrow the flower-like appearance which she must have had in infancy to have merited the name. She was stunted in size. Her narrow shoulders drooped from lack of strength to hold them up. She walked with a peculiar gait, her knees taking the lead. Her face was never placid. It was screwed as if to glean more from the world than would be possible otherwise. When interested her lower jaw dropped, and although this added nothing to her personal appearance, it might have assisted her in hearing *all* that was said. Her eyes were narrowed down to mere slits and wore a perpetual quizzical expression. Her hair was dust-colored and dry and wispy. It was intended to be dressed a la pompadour but had rebelled and now rested in a disconsolate heap on the top of her head. A long irregular pig-tail, ending in a washed-out compromise between a bow and a knot, meandered down her back. Although the different articles of clothing which she wore, were


LATEST NEWS FROM SAN FRANCISCO NEARLY 10,000 SAID TO BE FATALLY INJURED MANY IN ACTUAL WANT
KORDOSKI TRIED BY JURY SENTECE WAS NOT GIVEN OUT TILL 6 P.M. FULL ACCOUNT IN PAPER
MANY WITNESSES IN TEARS AT SAD SCENE
READ SUNDAY PAPER FOR FINEST ACCOUNT OF THE MYSTERIOU DIS- SAPPEAR ANCE of MR. HOYT. THE GREAT OIL MAGNATE
GREAT DISASTER IN NORTH ANDOVER TRAIN CRASHES INTO FREIGHT MANY KILLED
FOUR KILLED SEVEN INJURED IN CLASH BETWEEN FAMILIES FULL ACCOUNT IN SUNDAY PAPER

of different hues, it was impossible to distinguish them from each other. Her clothes hung loosely on her frame and drooped at all imaginable angles.

In general, her character resembled her personal appearance. Intensely alert to all that was going on, she absorbed the papers for "News." Tragic events awakened her deepest feelings, and her glory was at its height when recounting ghastly incidents whose deep significance she could not realize. Her nervous, fidgety manner was accompanied by broken, uneven utterances.

Such was Rose, a creature of whims and fancies, with no thoughts of the serious business of life.

C. E. M., '06.

Defeated Expectations.

September 13, 1906, found the Normal School Graduate at the District School. The Man on the School Committee met her at the door and showed her where five hours of each day of the ensuing school year would be spent.

The Normal School Graduate had brought with her two massive trunks.

The Man on the School Committee asked, "Have you made plans for the year's work?"

"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate, "I have a few courses of study with me. That is the reason I have brought my trunks to the school."

"May I see your plans?" asked the Man on the School Committee.

"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate. "Here is the material with which I am to work." Thereupon she opened her trunks.

First, she drew out a portfolio of tremendous size. On both sides of 333 1-3 sheets of composition paper the Man on the School Committee found work pertaining to language. At the top of every few pages he saw, in bold letters, "Antonyms, Synonyms, Homonyms."

"It seems to be a carefully prepared course," said the Man on the School Committee.

"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate, "I spent an entire year in completing it."

Next, there was a yellowish brown covered book with interleaving so thick that the covers could not be made parallel. The Man on the School Committee examined it and found it dealt with lathing, clapboarding, plastering, papering, shingling, carpeting, painting, etc., etc., ... Upon further examination he found it to be Arithmetic as taught in the Salem Normal School.

You have a fine plan here," replied the Man on the School Committee, "I hope you will have splendid results."

"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate, "I think I ought to accomplish a great deal."

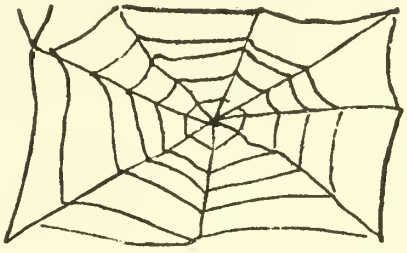
Then a neat little booklet, with covers of bogus paper, met the eyes of the Man on

the School Committee. Within he saw tables, maps, dates and other writing which upon careful examination proved to be History.

"This will be very helpful to you especially in the upper grades," said the Man on the School Committee.

"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate, "but I hope to have a history class in each grade."

"What is this?" asked the Man on the School Committee, picking a long line which was very artistically arranged, and to which there seemed to be no end.



"Oh!" said the Normal School Graduate, "that is one of the things which I have worked upon very carefully and I have arranged it as logically and artistically as I could. It is the line of thought. I have one end of the line, which runs about the room, so that each child is connected with me. You can readily see we can easily guard against any digressions from the thread of the lesson."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Man on the School Committee.

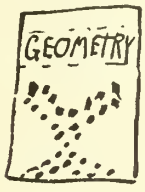
"I brought my Pedagogy Note Book," said the Normal School Graduate, "so that I could follow strictly the principles of teaching. I was afraid I could not remember them without some clue."

"Never trust too much to your memory," said the Man on the School Committee, "I see you have also your Psychology Note Book."

"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate, "I wanted to cultivate the imagination of the children and fearing that I might confuse imagination with memory, percept, concept, will, judgment or some other power of the mind, I packed this book."

"Those powers of the mind are confusing," said the man on the School Committee, "I, myself, have difficulty in distinguishing one from another."

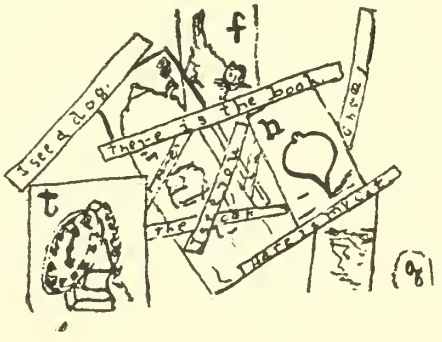
As the Man on the School Committee looked into the trunk he was greatly puzzled. There before him lay 87 little boxes, all covered with various colored nettings, and what they could be used for was more than he could tell.



"Those are for my caterpillars," said the Normal School Graduate enthusiastically, "I hope to have a scholar for each box."

After the excitement, the Man on the School Committee asked, "Have you any plans for reading?"

"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate, "here are old sentences cut from books, here my phonetic cards, and here my methods."



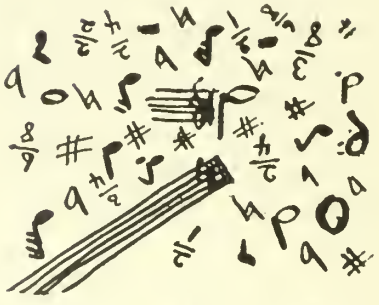
"Good," said the Man on the School Committee.

"Do they have manual work here?" shyly asked the Normal School Graduate.

"The Man on the School Committee bowed his head slightly.

"I am so glad," said the Normal School Graduate, "for I have several baskets and brass trays that I should like to finish."

Scattered like dust all over the bottom of one of the trunks were——what? The Man on the School Committee could not imagine.



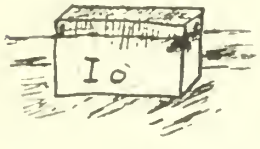
"Oh!" said the Normal School Graduate, "I brought all my notes and rests. In case of absence of books, I thought I could compose music."

"Admirable plan," said the Man on the School Committee.

"Here is something very precious," said the Normal School Graduate. "In our school library we are not allowed to keep a book (with a yellow label), out more than one night. There was only a fourth of this book I needed, so the librarian kindly allowed me to take 1-4 of the book for 4 nights, which would be exactly the same as the whole book for one night."

"How strange," laughingly replied the Man on the School Committee.

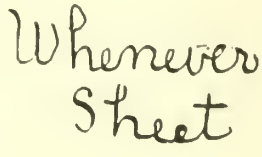
"Yes," said the Normal School Graduate, "I suppose it does seem strange to you."



"Here is a Geometry Book I made in my Junior Year," added the Normal School Graduate. "It tells how to find the distance between two points without approaching either. I thought that might help me in discovering, without approaching either, whether or not two boys were near enough to hear each other—if they whispered."

"It might," doubtfully replied the Man on the School Committee, who was getting a little weary.

"Is this the last?" asked the Man on the School Committee, picking up a large sheet of white paper on one side of which was written, "Whenever Sheet."



"Yes, that is all," said the Normal School Graduate.

Just at this moment the bell rang and the Man on the School Committee left the Normal School Graduate with 5 scholars and 55 plans.

O. M. A. '06.

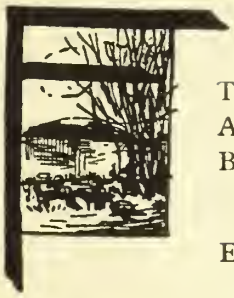
Your Initial Fate.

M. G. A. Manifests Great Ability.
H. E. B. Hates Evidently Book-analysis.
H. L. B. Hires Lockers Bemoaningly.
C. I. B. Carries Interesting By-words.
N. E. B. Needs Every Book.
M. H. B. Manages Housekeeping Beautifully.
F. E. B. Fathoms Even Botany.
M. C. B. Manages Commission Businesslike.
B. G. C. Bears Great Credit.
E. F. C. Enjoys Fortune's Career.
R. A. C. Reviews Arithmetic Carefully.
L. A. C. Leaves Arithmetic Cautiously.
P. F. D. Performs Fine Drawing.
M. M. D. Makes Music Delightfully.
S. M. D. Spins Mammoth Dreams.
A. M. D. Advertises Modern Danvers.
A. L. D. Analyzes Language Directly.
E. S. E. Envelopes Such Excellence.
C. M. F. Calculates Mathematics Fast.
J. P. F. Judges Pupils Fairly.
E. F. F. Encourages Funny Fables.
M. A. G. Meets All Graciously.
M. E. G. Makes Every Goal.
C. E. G. Cherishes Every Grade.
M. E. G. Makes Everybody Good.
A. M. G. Allows Meagre Grace.
M. F. H. Makes Fouls Honestly.
M. B. H. Masters Barrett's Hieroglyphics.
M. F. H. May Furnish Harmony.
E. H. H. Encourages History Hourly.
E. P. H. Encourages Pedagogy Hourly.
E. M. H. Entertains Many Habits.
E. G. H. Enlivens Greatly Hygiene.
G. E. H. Gives Everybody Hints.
J. M. H. Jumps Make believe Horses.
E. M. H. Enjoys Music Heartily.
J. J. Justifies Justice.
D. J. Decides Journeys.
M. R. J. Manages Rightly Juxtaposition.
H. G. K. Helps Geography Kindly.
L. M. K. Lavishes Mollient Kindnesses.
M. L. K. Manifests Largely Knack.
F. A. K. Furnishes All Knowledge.

R. E. L. Revels (in) English Literature.
F. M. L. Frequents Many Lectures.
F. L. L. Facilitates Language Lessons.
E. C. L. Enjoys Chemical Labratories.
M. F. L. Magnifies Famous Lullabies.
R. L. Retains Learning.
C. E. M. Collects Especially, Minerals.
E. K. M. Emphasizes Keen Memory.
H. M. Handles Multiplications.
E. O. Elaborates Observations.
N. A. O. Notes Absolute Obedience.
M. M. O. Merits Meritorious Opportunities.
M. F. O. Manages Famous Orchestras.
S. M. P. Scorns (the) Mill Pond.
P. H. P. Pursues Helpful People.
N. L. Q. Names Lengthy Qualifications.
E. R. Enlarges Reports.
C. A. R. Carries All Reward.
J. F. R. Judges Fish (from) Recollections.
E. L. S. Enjoys Lengthy Special talks.
M. F. S. Maintains Firmly Stoutness.
A. F. S. Awaits Famous Success.
G. E. S. Gains Every Solution.
G. J. S. Greets Juniors Sweetly.
M. M. S. Mentions Mainly Sea-urchins.
E. M. T. Enchants Manchester Town.
M. L. T. Misses Line (of) Thought.
M. A. T. Marks Algebra Tests.
H. L. T. Hates Large Tasks.
L. E. U. Likes Evermore Uranography.
M. F. W. Makes Funny Wit.
C. W. Collects Wonders.
F. W. W. Feels Wondrous Wise.
M. Y. Maintains Youth.
C. M. C. Captures Many Caterpillars.
D. C. P. Devises Correct Punctuation.
H. F. P. Hates Funny Problems.
A. M. P. Appreciates Marking Pupils.
N. J. P. Needs Joyful Pupils.
E. M. R. Enjoys Making Rules.
O. M. A. Only Mercy Asked.

GRADUATING CLASS 1906, SALEM NORMAL SCHOOL

Our Bay.



FROM our Normal School windows, whatever the view,
Scenes of beauty are stretching away,—
The long vista of trees on the north avenue,
At the south, hills and meadows of springtime's own hue,
But the glory of all is thy broad eastern blue,
Thou beautiful, beautiful bay.

Each season that comes in the year's steady flight,
To thee renders homage anew,—
The fall's flaming garland of autumn leaves bright,
The Indian Summer's soft haze of gold light,
And even grim Winter's pure circlet of white,
Adorn each thy deep, constant blue.

Not the clear, tranquil lake which the tired eyes crave,
Which gleams in the sun's liquid ray,
Not the distant blue billows of mid-ocean's cave,
Nor bright tropic waters that coral isles lave,
For a moment can rival the blue of thy wave,
Thou little New England bay.

How lovely thy waters, with young spring enhancing
Thy charm to a loftier degree!
How the wave-steeds are prancing,
With white foam crests dancing,
As 'tween willow screens glancing,
Thou flow'st to the sea!

When in days now still dim, life is nearing its west,
And dull cares are darkening its day,
Oft we'll pause to remember and welcome as guest
The soul-speech of Nature that stirs in our breast
At the vision of thee, dark blue haven of rest,
O beautiful, beautiful bay!

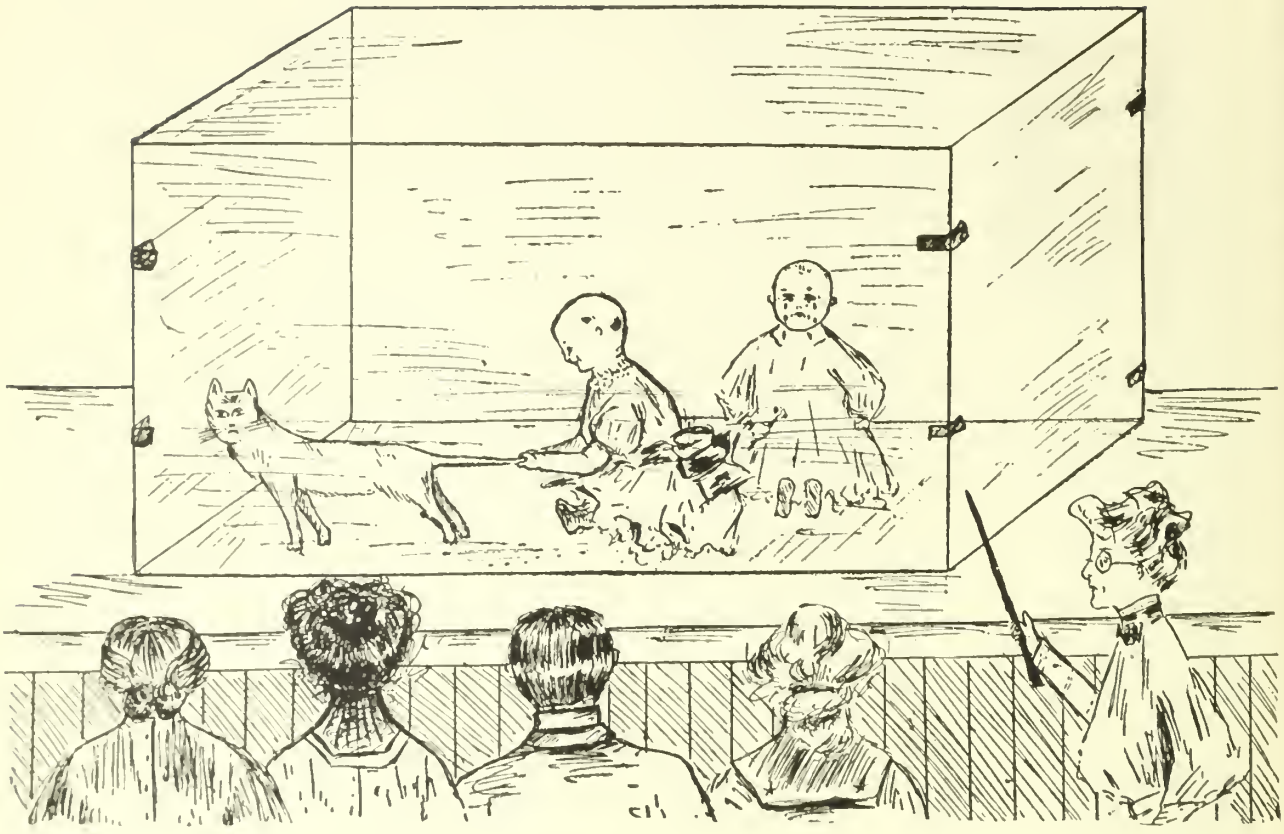
J. J. '06.

Class Notes.

"I have a suggestion. Just wait a minute." "We are waiting———hurry brother."

There is no reason why Senior I should not be well cared for and disciplined with such efficient maternal care.

The study of geography, like charity, begins at home. No reason why home missions should not thrive.



The State Board of Education has voted $5000 for a laboratory for the study of observational and experimental psychology. A specialty is to be made of child psychology. For this purpose a suitable variety of infants will be furnished and maintained at the State's charge. An interesting collection of jars have been purchased, containing preserved sensations, emotions and thoughts, to aid in the objective teaching.

The course will aim to furnish its pupils with a clear understanding of the anatomy and hygiene of the soul. The laboratory work will include the observation of the digestion, absorption and assimilation of knowledge, the dissection of habits and the observation, through the microscope, of states of mind during such critical periods as whooping-cough, teething and measles. The drawing of diagrams of all phenomena will be a characteristic feature of the work.

In order that the students may be able, in the future, to diagnose and treat their own cases and those of their pupils, the course will be supplemented by a series of lectures on Emergencies, among which will be the following:—fits of stupidity, silliness and obstinacy, broken promises, sprains of common sense, dislocations of temper and poisoning of morals. Students completing this course will receive, with their diploma, the degree of P. S., Spinster of Psychology.

Calendar of Events (1905-1906.)

Sept. 11 : Lonesome day.

Oct. 14 : Musicale given to school by the teachers, followed by progressive games in the gymnasium; Juniors tagged as a means of introduction.

Oct. 21 : Open air meeting at Devereaux.

Nov. 10 : Seniors gave witch party to Juniors, this first dance at which we learn why certain girls are pleasanter to talk to.

Nov. 18 : Lecture : "Applied Design,"—Mr. Sargent.

Nov. 23 : First "marks," Oh !

Dec. 23 : House-cleaning in the "Adams' House."

Jan. 12 : Lecture : "Education of Primitive People." Dr. Wm. Frost of Berea College. Vivid portrayal of conditions. No applications for positions.

Feb. 20 : Transition :—

"From dense to rare,
From water to air."

Mar. 4 : Lecture : "Keeping Good Health," Prof. Tyler of Amherst. Only one of our number has been out all the year on account of sickness.

Mar. 5 : Appreciation of home-cooking.

Mar. 28 : Senior-Junior game. "'Nuff said."

Apr. 10 : Successful farming. Transplanting a specialty.

Apr. 20 : "Heard my first robin."

May : Out observing. "A week with the cherubs."

May 6 : Senior-Junior reception to the teachers.

"Ye dainty ladies did ye dainty step about ye dainty pole."

May 28 : 9.30 P. M. Still working on the 19th quantitative exp. according to directions on side board marked with red chalk.

June 20 : Marks ! and still here.

June 27 : Miss Dodge's resignation : Our ever gracious friend and helpful teacher. Association with such a personality has its unconscious influence.

June 27 : Graduation. Address by Mr. W. H. Small. Subject :—"Education, Old and New."

June 28 : Senior reception. Lesson taught :—The floor must not be oiled before our party.

Sept. 12 : School opened without Dr. Beckwith. Committee of teachers appointed to conduct.

Sept. 23 : Lecture : "Education for the Art of Life." Professor Edward Howard Griggs.

Oct. 14 : Dr. Beckwith's death :—

A loss to individuals—to the school—to the state—to the cause of education.

Oct. 21 : A trip through historic Salem. Many thanks to Miss Martin.

November 1 : Our course in Pedagogy taken by Dr. Prince, to be continued until the selection of a principal.

Dec : Memorial services for Dr. Beckwith.

Jan. 10 : Beginning of our course of recitals for musical appreciation consisting of

study of Mozart, Schubert and Mendelssohn. Thanks are due to Mr. Archibald for his kind thought and direction, and to the Juniors for their hearty cooperation.

Jan. 13: Lecture: "Relation between the Teacher and the Supervisor." Mr. Walter Sargent.

Feb. 12: Installation of Mr. Pitman, Sec. Martin, presiding.

Feb. 17: Senior party for the Juniors. Games conducted by girls in costume. Flattery of Mr. Moore and Mr. Adams.

Mar. 17: Lecture by Mr. Wm. C. Bates;—"Larger Life and Better Service"—Our class motto.

Mar. 30: Staff meeting, "April showers."

Apr. 14: Lecture: "Concord Authors:" Mr. F. B. Sanborn. John Brown wasn't a Concord Author but we enjoyed the lecture just the same.

Apr. 21: Lecture: "People I Have Met." Col. Thomas W. Higginson.

Apr. 28: Basket-ball game. Hurrah for the Seniors!

May 5: Junior reception—A credit to the class.

May 19: Lecture: "The Past of Salem." Hon. Robert S. Rantoul.

June 26: Graduation. Address by Prof. Geo. H. Palmer. Subject:—"Moral Instruction in the Public Schools."

June 27: Senior reception. A grand success.

Will of the Senior Class.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS :—

That we, the class of 1906, of the State Normal School of Salem, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do make this our last will and testament revoking all wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and graduation expenses, we give, devise, and bequeath as follows :—

FIRST. We give and bequeath unto our esteemed principal, Joseph Asbury Pitman, the copyright of the many pedagogical theories, which we have originated and which are about to be chronicled in the History of Education.

SECOND. We give and bequeath unto our senior teacher, Harriet Laura Martin, our complete set of Mathematical papers, as an illustration for future classes of precise and concise accuracy. Especially do we recommend our Equality Signs.

THIRD. We give and bequeath unto our faithful admonisher, Jessie Putnam Learoyd, two acres of land "south of the school-building." We guarantee ideal conditions of "sunshine, soil and moisture," suitable for the perfect development of all specimens for Nature Study.

FOURTH. We give and bequeath to our most patient teacher, Charles Eugene Adams, an illuminated copy of the Book of Job.

FIFTH. We give and bequeath to our teacher of manual arts, Charles Frederick Whitney, a field of raffia, a pasture of cows (for leather), and a brass foundry.

SIXTH. We give and bequeath to our teacher of local geography, William Charles Moore, S. B., a clear deed of the Mill Pond.

SEVENTH. We give and bequeath to our biology teacher, Mary Alice Warren, —an amoeba—a worm—a cat.

EIGHTH. We give and bequeath to our book-Martyr, Isabella Gertrude Knight, A. B., all claims to Colton, Martin, Fiske, Seeley and Chubb.

NINTH. We give and bequeath to the one who could always understand the condition of our minds, Gertrude Brown Goldsmith, A. B., all our forgotten knowledge, to be distributed among the entering class.

TENTH. We give and bequeath to our sweet-voiced teacher, Fannie Boutelle Deane, a year's leave of absence in which to recuperate from the strenuous life which the class of '06 have caused her to follow.

ELEVENTH. We give and bequeath to the teacher who is "individual," Sarah Louise Baker, all the "great possibilities" and "tricks of the trade," which we did not use this year, to be given to the incoming class that the work may "go off with a snap."

TWELFTH. We give and bequeath to our unfathomable teacher, Helen Hood Rogers, the phonetic devices which we have developed or otherwise suggested.

THIRTEENTH. We give and bequeath to our harmonious instructor, Fred Willis Archibald, a megaphone through which to shout to the Juniors during chorus periods—and our best wishes for a pianola.

FOURTEENTH. We give and bequeath to the wit of the school, Maud Oldham, a five-quart bottle of ink to cancel our obligations.

Fifteenth. We give and bequeath to our merciful judge, Cassie Lucretia Paine, all credit which will surely come to us as a result of the "critical period."

Sixteenth. We give and bequeath to the teachers of the Practice School—Apologies.

Seventeenth. All the rest, residue and remainder of our property, both real and personal, of which we shall depart seized and possessed and to which we shall be entitled at the time of our departure, namely :—

1. Our class pin as a model for a school pin.
2. The privilege of substituting.
3. Our basket-ball yells.
4. The balcony for the day of *the* game.
5. Red for their color when we get through with it.
6. Our "gym" suits, (what's left of them.)
7. All our A's.
8. List of the streets of South Salem in their logical order.
9. All of our language papers full of practical and varied errors, so that new ones need not be written.
10. The Senior dressing-room and all its responsibilities.
11. Our works of art in the upper corridor.
12. Our side of the main hall; our desks; our (?) door.
13. The pleasure of not being held responsible for *all* the disorder and inattention during the chorus period.
14. The Great Senior Pride, we give, devise and bequeath unto the class of 1907.

In testimony, whereof, we hereunto set out hand and seal—this twenty-sixth day of June, A. D. 1906.

Class 1906 [L. S.]

Signed by the testators, in the presence of us, who, at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of one another, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

Class 1905.
Class 1876.
Class 1899.

Compliments of Alumnae

MABEL H. GRAY
1905

ALONA HARRINGTON
1905

A FRIEND
1879

FLORENCE E. TADGELL
1905

BESSIE M. PARKER
1905

A FRIEND
1887

MABEL C. CARLE
1905

ABBIE S. DODGE
1905

EDNA S. TUTT
1905

GRACE F. SNEDEN
1905

A FRIEND
1867

EMMA M. McKINLEY
1905

KATHARINE S. ENLIND
1905

A FRIEND
1890

MARION E. ROBBINS
1905

JOSEPHINE MINARD
1905

BERTHA A. FELLOWS
1905

YOU ARE INVITED TO REGISTER IN THE

Eastern Teachers' Agency

MISS E. F. FOSTER
Manager

50 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON

Established 1890. Incorporated 1904

THE RESULTS OF THE PAST FIVE YEARS HAVE PROVEN THAT THE BEST TEACHERS' AGENCY FOR SALEM NORMAL GRADUATES IS THE

Educators' Exchange

101 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

George W. Pickering
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

COAL

Main Office, 124 Washington Street
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

The Oldest Stationery Store Telephone 209-12

R. S. BAUER

OFFICE SUPPLIES, BLANK BOOKS, PRINTING, ENGRAVING

172 ESSEX ST., SALEM F. A. Neff, Manager

HENRY A. HALE, President JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Treasurer
Incorporated 1855

Salem Five Cents Savings Bank

210 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, MASS.
BANK BUILDING

Bank Hours, from 8.45 a. m. to 1.15 p. m. Open Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 for deposits

NORMAL SCHOOL PUPILS WEAR SULLIVAN'S SHOES & ARE HAPPY

Sullivan the Shoeman

165 *and* 167 ESSEX STREET, SALEM

Fisher Teachers' Agency

Long Experience. A. G. FISHER, Proprietor. Best Service.

120 TREMONT STREET, - - - BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Beaten Copper Work

IS BEING INTRODUCED TO MANY HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOLS. OUR CATALOGUE NO. 8 ILLUSTRATES THIS AND CAN BE HAD ON APPLICATION

¶ *Catalogue No. 7 illustrates Benches, Tools & Supplies for Manual Training*

Chandler & Barber

124 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WHEN PLANNING A SPREAD, TELEPHONE YOUR ORDER TO

HERBERT C. BROWN

Choice Groceries 132 BRIDGE ST., SALEM

Spring Footwear

If you want Shoes for Spring or for any other season, come to the best shoe store in town. *That's us.*

L. D. WASS

206 ESSEX STREET, ::: SALEM, MASS.

Famous Turner Prints

IN SIZES FROM 8x10 INCH TO 50x70 INCH. THE LARGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL PRINTS MADE

¶ Large Illustrated Catalogue FREE to Educators. ::: For sale only by

Horace K. Turner Company

221 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

Loring Avenue Conservatories

Successors to GEO. S. PERRY & CO.

Kenney Brothers & Wolkins

Manufacturers of

SCHOOL FURNITURE AND SETTEES

Headquarters for School Supplies

77 Fulton Street Boston, Massachusetts

The Teachers' Co-operative Association of New England

HAS CONSTANT CALLS FOR NORMAL GRADUATES.
TO SECURE DESIRABLE POSITIONS ENROLL AT ONCE. ∴ ∴ Send for Manual and Application Form

E. W. Fickett, Proprietor, 8 Beacon St., Boston

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO TEACH WITHOUT THE USE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST EDUCATIONAL JOURNALS

Popular Educator and Primary Education

Subscription price, $1.00 per year each; both to one address for $1.75. Send for samples and special offer of valuable premiums. The address:

Educational Publishing Company, = 50 Bromfield Street, Boston

HENRY A. WATERS J. CLARKE BROWN

Waters & Brown

Hardware, Paints and Oils

FINE CUTLERY
MECHANICS' TOOLS
ETC.

69 Washington Street, - Salem, Mass.
Corner Church Street

E. C. HINCKLEY, Pres. F. E. JONES, Treas.

F. E. Jones Company

Incorporated

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Leather

95 SOUTH STREET, - BOSTON, MASS.

Our Caterer

Broad's Headache Powders

Positive Cure
10c and 25c Packages

Broad's Pharmacy, 108 Union, cor. Green Street
LYNN

Dieges & Clust

"If we made it, it's right"

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry

CLASS PINS, FRATERNITY PINS
MEDALS AND CUPS

47 WINTER ST., 129 TREMONT ST.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN ALDEN FLOUR

We can honestly say that this is the best flour we have ever sold and we do not believe you can equal it anywhere at any price. IT MAKES MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD, TOO, THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR IN THE WORLD. After you try it you will understand why our customers come again.

DAVID G. WHELTON CO.

Roundy & McCarthy, Grocers

Headquarters for Campers' Supplies

LYNNFIELD CENTRE, - - MASS.

Ames

is our

Class Photographer

A Friend

The Patrician Shoe

THOMAS F. FEELEY

54 Central Square, Lynn, Massachusetts

The Fisk Teachers' Agencies

EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors (*Incorporated*)

Boston	Washington	Minneapolis	Spokane	San Francisco
Chicago	New York	Denver	Portland	Los Angeles

Boston Offices, - - 4 Ashburton Place